## MINTIND DUNNY WEAVER

A Romantic Love Story of the Western Mountains and Lumber Camps.

Sylvia Makes an Effort to Learn of Her Father's Affairs Before He Died, But Jerry Kirk Knows Nothing of Any Estate That Was Left---His Devotion to the Two Orphans Causes the Girl to Feel it More Than Ever Her Duty to

Marry Him---The Mountaineer Gives Her More Time to Decide.

Sylvia Weaver and her six-year-old brother, Dunny, are on their way to Tamarack. In the mountains of the West, where her father once lived and where she is to marry Jerry Kirk, a middle-aged friend of his. On the train she meets, alian Kennedy, and a mutual love springs into being, though loyalty seals her lips. The train is snowbound en route and is visited by Kirk, bringing provisions. He soon discovers that Sylvia loves another and they defer discussion of their affairs until she is settled in Tamarack.

A great attachment springs up between another and they defer discussion of their affairs until she is settled in Tamarack.

A great attachment springs up between Dunny and Kirk. Finally they reach Tamarack and still Kirk delays to bring up the subject of marriage and Sylvia spends many eleepless nights forn between loyalty and love. After three weeks she goes to the postoffice and there finds two letters for her. The first is from Kirk, who had gone to a nearby camp to meet his partner, Asa Craig. The other was from Kennedy, and both letters announced the proposed call of the writer. Both came the same day and Sylvia sees them both, one after the other. Kirk gives the girl further time and then has his jealousy aroused by a meddesome old woman who tells him of Sylvia's meeting with Kennedy. In the meantime Dunny acquires a burre that had been left to die and in his efforts to aid the beast, he makes the acquaintance of Tid Flack, a cobbler. In the evening Sylvia has four callers, all of them suitors, and then gets busy.

(Copyright, 1904, by Philip Verrill Mighels.) CHAPTER IX (Cont'd).

"It must be awful," answered the girl, pausing in her work to look at Dole, of whom she had heard as one of two living men who had ever survived a journey down the flume from the top of the mountain. "It is very, very steep, down the hillside. I be-

"Steep?" echoed Dole, and he turned exceedingly pale in recollection of the ride he once had taken. "Steep, Miss Weaver? The water can't run fast enough to follow a timber down that steepest place!"

'Quite true, Miss Weaver," assented Thomas King, in his way of dignity. "T've often thought I should like to try that ride myself."

Dunny liked Mr. King for this remark. He liked the gentleman's spirit of adventure. Indeed, as he looked at visitor and studied him carefully, he felt a childish stirring of emotions come upon him, one by one.

At first there was awe of a man who could think of trying that ride in the flume; then there was fascination chiefly centered on the man's polished light. Finally compassion was excited.

Quietly the grave little fellow walked around and viewed Mr. King from the rear. He found that the desert waste of hairlessness extended far down the posterior slope of the visitor's dome.

'Yes," Mr. King was saying, "I've tried bucking horses. Miss Weaver. and rather liked the sensation. I nearly went up in a large balloon, one time. I have jumped off a house, and.

By this time Dunny could endure the pressure of feeling within him no longer. He went up softly behind Mr. King and placed his tiny hand on the large bare pate, which he patted soothingly.

"Poor old bald head." he crowed. "Poor old bald head."

For a second, consternation seemed to petrify the entire assemblage, including Mr. King, who was morbidly nsitive concerning his hair. Then his three husky friends who had come to "spark" abruptly exploded. So did Mr. and Mrs. Hank.

Mr King shot suddenly up from his tection on his head. He was purple with emotion. (He made one wild dedescent upon his hat, where it hung on a rack, and bolted for the door.

## CHAPTER X.

CONCERNING SYLVIA'S FATHER. Despite the fact that during the following week she was troubled with one admirer less than usual, Sylvia Her affairs with Jerry were disturbing; a settlement of her doubts and questionings seemed even more remote and impossible than before

or three times, and on each occasion had cautiously avoided all allusions to half-understood relationship She thought it a part of his plan to avoid the subject for a month, yet she felt there was something sinister lurking behind his behavior.

sumed by impatience. He loved her more deeply, more strongly than ever. Both the tenderness and passion of his feeling increased with every day. In his fiercer moods he could readily have slain a rival with his hands, yet his generous emotions of protection and care succeeded his stronger moods with exalting, refining certainty. He was trying to forget that day of Kennedy's but his nature was a battleground on which emotions fought. Daily, however, he felt he was gaining on Sylvia's sense of acceptance.

He was jealously watchful, sensitive and suspicious, however, on the slight-

. ly; yet there was nothing, concerning himself, he would not at any time have sacrificed to add to her personal happiness, so long as such a happiness did not involve another man.

Doubtless something of Jerry's arguments, or feelings of ewnership, concerning herself and little Dunny, crept upon Sylvia, by way of those subtle, invisible "antennae" of a woman's intuition. Howsoever it was that she caught them, the thoughts in his mind were more or less clearly presented to her understanding, and they nettled her nature. She began to fret over every new day that added ties of obligation between herself and the mountaineer.

money; she was living here now by his provision. He was kind in a hundred ways of sincere and wholly unconscious service; he never by any chance permitted her to think he held her in his debt; he was jolly, loving, and indulgent to Dunny, who gave him a fond little heart of affection. Yet rebel-

lion of an indefinable, not-to-be-located

She wished her feeling could be

changed; she honestly prayed that

something more than mere friendship

and this splendid man. But a number

of elements interposed and seemed to

First, there was this dependence-

helplessness, beneath his fostering

care. She wished to be free of this,

free to choose as her mind and heart

all she could do would not suffice to drive young happiness out of her

heart, so often as thoughts of Allan

were astray in her mind. And these were constantly rushing, with new

very often, where the tree stood guard

above their tryst, and she granted him

kinder looks and words at parting than

she had in fact. Her heart was out

with the birds, whensoever the forgot

to keep it strictly home, and the song

These mingled feelings were upon

her as she worked one morning in the

tiny garden at the front of the house, Sunshine seemed to come in ever in-

creasing impulses out of the sky; it

ild sound was a paean to a mate.

her dreams she and Allan met

ways of joy, throughout her being,

Then there was Allan Kennedy. The

make it all impossible.

should prompt.

might be engendered between herself

Jerry, especially now that her heart She felt under deeper obligations than

A Shadow Fell on the Earth, Where Sylvia Was Kneeling. She Looked Up

lay upon the earth as gold in essence gold made breathable and sweet.

The air was barely astir, as if it moved about like a fragrant presence, visiting new-sprung shoots of green and encouraging the tender leaves

upon the trees. Chickens were doing their best to carol of comfort and content. Delicate young summer had come, a week before her actual time, and all the

world was giving her welcome. Sylvia was kneeling. She looked up quickly and beheld Jerry Kirk, smiling down upon her in gia-iness. He looked so big and wholesome and good that she could not resist the answering smile that came to her eyes. Moreover, Nature was making all things sweet of temper and brotherly of

thought. Jerry knelt beside her, helping with the seed planting going on so deftly. He always seemed to know the way to of actual assistance; he made irritating blunders. She liked him very much, indeed, as a fine companion, to be trusted in his strength, to be honored in his stanch integrity of

spirit, thought and purpose.
"Gardening?" he said. "I kind of thought you'd be a girl who'd like to make things grow and add something pretty to the world."

'I have to," she said. "I know, I know, Sylvia, just the way it feels," he answered. "Such a day as this I feel there ain't any way enough or to let out a half that crowds inside me here," and he gave his characteristic nudge to his breast. "I don't here in the mountains." know what to do, a day like this, to from being a boy again-going

barefoot and ragged and whistling. "Dunny has taken off his shoes and stockings," she said. "I expect he'll cut his feet and tub his toes tal to pieces."

"Do him good," said Jerry "How's his burro, Jack?" 'Why he seems to be cured and getting as strong and lively as a cricket.

Dunny wants to ride him, but he can't get Mr. Flack to lead him around. "Fil do it myself," volunteered the mountaineer. "Where is Dunny

"Down at Mr. Flack's I think," answered Cylvia, patting down the earth with her dainty hands. "Do you want me to wait?" inquired Jerry, suddenly excited by the thought

that she had almost spoken as if to detain him at her side. "Shall I stay here with you till he comes?" Sylvia saw that his big, rough hand was trembling. Her cheeks were rosily burning and her heart, like Jerry's, was beating rapidly, though not for a

"Well," she replied, "I have wanted to speak to you about a matter for some little time." Jerry's agitation increased. He

knew she must hear the strokes of his What is it?" he said, a little husk-

"It's about my father," she told him,

looking up and meeting his gaze for Jerry, whether he owned any propery or not, after all his years of labor, out

The question meant a great deal more to her than she wished the man to know. Her excitement was, therefore, considerable, though held in re-

Jerry had hoped for and expected mething else. He was disappointed to have her speak on a subject so foreign to his thoughts, and yet he was been about to ask to be released from

"I ought to have brought that up before," he said. "But I never got around to it, someway, perhaps because there ain't a lot to say."

she said, and at the thought her face somewhat paled. "Why-it ain't so much exactly that," he explained, "as it is that no-

body seems to know. He was killed so suddenly he didn't get a chance to talk about affairs, and he only had about enough money around to be buried on. In fact, the boys helped out on that a little, and nothing has ever turned up since to show what he might have been doing in the way of getting hold of property.'

Jerry himself had been the one who helped out" with money for Weaver's funeral, and of this the girl had a hint. through her keen intuition. She was disappointed now, however, by Jerry's eply. She had hoped so fervently here might be something on which he and Dunny could rely for a little

he won't take me riding on my don-

"Well, you can come along with me, We'll see about that donkey," answered the hearty mountaineer, and taking up the little chap he felt the stout little arm go trustingly about his neck, and happiness pure as that of heaven welled in his heart.

Sylvia watched the two as Jerry strode away. Her eyes abruptly filled. The bright-faced little Dunny turned and smiled upon her from his perch, "Jerry knows how," he

'Jerry's going to give me a ride.' Jerry gave them everything! Jerry it was to whom they owed the very and Western world, so close to nature and to God! How good he was, and generous and comforting! A tenderness toward him that was almost love crept upon Sylvia quietly.

"I ought to marry him, after all." she told herself, in peace that calmed her nature. "Poor, dear Jerry."

A faint and tender happiness, as new

as a babe, stole throughout her

## CHAPTER XI.

DUNNY HAS AN ADVENTURE. That next bright week of summer days and evenings was a happy time for little Dunny, and for Jerry as well. Sylvia felt herself drifting so calmiy along, in her newer welcome of the thought of marrying Jerry, that she could not escape the spell that nature was weaving over all the living world.

And yet there was nothing much that was different. Jerry was keeping his word concerning further talk upon the subject of his agreement with Sylvia, and this made her like him the more. His eyes were brighter than ever bea mirror of his heart.

Youth seemed smiling upon him, day by day. His iron-gray hair and graying beard appeared to be merely color attributes, belonging to the man, without relation to his age. He was rigorous, tireless, full of energy-a splendid example of mountain man-

Had he only known it, these were the days when his ardor should have been unleashed. He was growing more easy to love. Every hour he spent with little Dunny, telling him stories or riding him gayly about on the mended burro, endeared him to Sylvia's heart, and gave him a firmer hold upon her affections.

He had bought a tiny saddle and bridle for the donkey, and these little Dunny could manage to put upon his Jack all by himself. The big man s joy was limitless when he and Dunny and the burro could come upon Sylvia, wandering happily about, like a woodland sylph, among the trees of the canyon. At such a moment he was prone to tell the little rider to guide his donkey about by himself, while he and Sylvia watched him, together.

At some such moment he should boldly have taken the pretty white hand, so often near his own, and poured out a little of the all within his heart: for nature was achieving a half of his wooing, these times, and gratitude was doing almost as much, and Sylvia frequently trembled at the very feeling. But he did not opeak. In his honesty of word and purpose he was waiting for the passing of the month he had told her she should have.

On a cortain Wednesday noon the news was brought to Tamarack of a stage robbery, committed the day be twenty miles from Millsite, on the summit. Funds belonging to Kirk & Craig, intended for their summer op erations, had been taken from the messenger: the express company had sent a force of men to scour the hills for the desperadoes; and intense excitement prevailed, not only at the towns across the border of Nevada, but also at Millsite as well.

"Then-he didn't leave a thing:"

"It really don't seem as if he could

have been like that," big Jerry as-

sured her. "He worked good and

hard, and he never wasted his money on any kind of foolishness, but Henry

was a close-mouthed man, Sylvia,

there might be something turn up,

up, and so was he.

about it, anyway."

er to work out his

already!"

really all her-fault."

even with me. I've thought all along

"But there hasn't been anything."

have left some information with

Craig, but if he did my partner ain't

seen fit to talk it over. I'll ask him

She felt that Jerry was holding out

a hope that he himself was aware was

unreliable. A something akin to re-

sentment, to think her father could

have been so utterly improvident,

this, and yearned over the father who

had lost his life, toiling here alone so

last, so far away from wife and home

tude, or the loneliness," the said, by way of excuse for the mife who had

gone back East and to Henry Weav-

"It wasn't anybody's fault." an-

swered Jerry, who understood and

knew the way to give her comfort. "So I wouldn't worry, Sylvia, not

and seeds to plant, and all the rest."

answered. "And-he's got a sore toe

Dunny was limping energetically.

He no more than saw the form of

Jerry, however, than he ran toward

him with a fine indifference for

"Oh Jerry, I cut my toe and Tid fixed it all up bully with tobaccer and

a rag!" he called in boyish pride, as

he halted and held it up as if it had been a gem of priceless worth. "Golly! That's great!" said Jerry, in admiration that he knew was better

than a balm. "Tid can fix up anything," an-

"Look-what a great blg rag!" and

he darted in at the gate.

"Here's Dunny coming now,"

e. "It wasn't

many years, and dying here alone, at

"Mother couldn't endure this alti-

burned for a moment in her mind,

she reperted. "He put in all his time

Craig had sent a special word to Jerry, requiring his presence at the summit camp at once, to complete new arrangements for working capi-

Jerry bade a basty good-by to Sylvia and Dunny, riding on horseback to the house for the purpose.

she said, in a feeling of helplessness he somewhat felt. She was standing "I'll be back as soon as possible," he said, and they saw him gallop away. "I'm going to ride like that on my "Don't feel harsh," he begged her donkey some of these times," antenderly. "Your father was a mighty nounced little funny, in admiration. good man, even if he did think Craig was twice the man for business that I "That's really, truly riding!" Sylvia kissed him impulsively. ever was or could be. Sylvia. He may

You like Jerry, don't you, dear?" 'You bet!" answered Dunny emphatically. "He says I'm his pard." "Would you like to be his pard all She was rostly coloring as she asked the question.

"Yep," said her unsuspecting little brother. "Wouldn't you?" "I-I don't know-I guess so," she laughed, in some confusion. Only, girls can't be pards, like us lers," Dunny informed her, not thout compassion. "They don't Then she swiftly felt ashamed of

know how."

"Maybe they don't," she agreed, more to herself than to him, "but—maybe they can learn."

She was giad to find she felt a genuine regret at Jerry's departure. She had grown in the way that permitted her to see the splendid, enduring youth in him still, to see the honesty and tenderness that must have endeared him to her father. He appeared at last to be approximating the Jerry deared that to be approximating the Jerry she had more than half created from the letters and the picture that had once presented the all of the man that could be presented from a dis-

she had wanted from the first to be honest herself, and to keep her promise. Her scruples now were satisfied, and satisfaction of her nature would have the felt convinced. come a little later, she felt convinced. She sang a little at her work in the garden; her hear? was at last so thor-oughly in tune with all the joys of oughly in tune with all the joys of burgeoning summer that happiness chose her for its natural companion. Meantime little Dunny was presently alive to the fact that his afternoon ride on the burro, under Jerry's charge, was a vanished delight. Moreover, Jerry might be gone for several days, and what if a fellow should forget the way to saddle up a donkey, or to clamber on its back, or to steer with the reins? In a childish alarm at the bare possibilities, the little man proceeded at once to the stable and made his burro ready ties, the little man proceeded at once

(To Be Continued Next Sunday.)

May 3, 1908

est provocation. He watched her alert-Page Eight

THE WASHINGTON TIMES MAGAZINE